

MONKEY SHINES.

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Braggo the Monk Invites Knocko and Rhymo to Visit His Country Home.

ON THE SIDE.

By WEX JONES.

What must the hardworking hen think of Easter eggs.
Millionaires who laugh are rare.—Andrew Carnegie.
Not at all; only they laugh in their sleeves.

THE LAZY DAYS.

WHAT can you do when the sky is blue.
And the air has a Summer haze.
And you cannot shun the burnished sun.
What can you do but laze?

WHAT but self-pity you're jammed in the city.
Instead of in country ways;
What can you do when the sky is so blue.
What can you do but laze?

Mrs. Polly Baker of Indiana has just obtained a divorce from her eleventh husband. Such is the force of habit.

THE BOWERY.

HERE where the bricks and mortar weigh
And shabby men carouse.
Once on a time the lane was gay
With flowers and budding boughs.

HERE walked lovers hand in hand
When all the fields were green.
Before the builder scared the land.
And Spring alone was queen.

AND now a dusty, jangling street—
Yet Spring is somehow there.
And lovers find the season sweet
And deem the Bowery fair.

THE DICTIONARY OF MISINFORMATION.

ANT—A small industrious creature that always has an umbrella for a rainy day.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."
"I'm going to him now—to make a touch."—Dotty Dialogues.

SAND—A clam's toothpowder.

SEEDS—Small objects placed in the ground by a commuter for the amusement of dogs and chickens.

SMELT—Small fish; usually found with bacon.

TOURIST—One who admires anything.

"Who is that guy admiring Riverside Park?"

"He must be a tourist."—Dotty Dialogues.

UMPIRE—A glow suicide.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Joaquin Miller nailed all his chairs to the wall.—Literary Note.

When entertaining critics, Longfellow used to lock up his silver spoons.

Kipling, before attending a publisher's dinner, places his watch in a safety deposit vault.

Stanley Waterloo, if he is to meet a fellow author during the day, leaves his ideas at home.

Henry James cuts a private mark on his style, so that he may recognize it should it be stolen and parodied.

Hall Caine never takes his modesty with him on a journey.

The Chinaman and You.

His compass points South.
In saluting you he puts on his hat.
Walking with you he keeps out of step.
He shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He says east-south instead of southeast.
To be polite he asks your age and income.

He throws away the flesh of the melon and eats its seeds.

His women often wear trousers, while he often wears a gown.

He presents coffee to his friends as you present cigars or books.—Minneapolis Journal.

THE HALLROOM BOYS.

They Do It on \$9.50 Per.

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They Buy Some Draperies for Their Apartment.

LIARS!

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

If you've got any hunch on the sort of a gun for the potting of grizzly bears.
If you think that you know how the bobcats run when they're hunted from out their lairs.

Just speak right up
For the Roosevelt cup.
Which is all engraved and ready

For the biggest liar
Who dares aspire
To disagree with Teddy.

Diogenes would be forced to stay holed up in his dinky tub
If he took the White House word for the crowd in the Roosevelt Fiction Club

Of mean, malicious, meretricious, foolish falsifiers,
Who argue things with Roosevelt and proclaim that they are liars.

If you've got any facts about campaign funds sent in to the G. O. P.
(The sugar garnered by Cortelyou in the role of the busy bee),

Set both your eyes
On the Roosevelt prize
Hung up for the scurrilous gents

Whose political views
Somehow refuse
To square with the President's.

Aesop could lie a little himself, but he was the merest dub
Compared to the throng that have all been classed with the Roosevelt Fiction Club

Of bold, fallacious, most mendacious, unvarnished liars,
Who (when they talk of Roosevelt) seem to peddle only lies.

HARRIMAN'S joined with Dear Maria and Bellamy, Whitney, Platt,
Wallace, Chandler, Bowen and Shields! Now what would you think of that?

Forsaking, forsooth,
The cause of truth
By daring to disagree

With the one whose steadiest stock in trade is his stern sincerity.
Old Ananias would seem to-day but a poor unpractised cub
Beside the mob that is rushing to join the Roosevelt Fiction Club.

How Provoking!

A young bride, after serving to her husband a dinner that was so-so, said, as the mince pie was brought on: "I intended, dear, to have some sponge cake, too, but it has been a total failure." "How was that?" the husband asked in a disappointed tone, for he was fond of sponge cake. "The druggist," she explained, "sent me the wrong kind of sponges."—Argonaut.

Part of the Horse.

A rich rancher told a story about a little slum urchin whom he had sent on a month's vacation into the country. "The lad," he said, "thought we got much from the mushroom and milk from the milkweed. One morning a lady pointed to a horse in a field and said: 'Look at the horse, Jimmy.' 'That's a cow,' the boy contradicted. 'No, said the lady, it's a horse.' 'Tain't. It's a cow,' said the boy. 'Horses has wagons to 'em.'—Kansas City Times.

Mr. E. Z. Mark Pays for an Easter Hat.

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1. MR. E. Z. (At telephone).—Who is this?—Mrs. Mark!—This is Mr. Mark. Yes, I will be at the house by 3 o'clock. An Easter hat—Pay the messenger—How much—\$300!—Holy Smoke!—Well, all right—Good-by, dear.
STRANGER (To himself).—That looks like a chance for \$300. E. Z. money for Yours Truly. Ta, ta, until this afternoon.

2. STRANGER—I am the manager of Frill's Millinery Emporium. This hat is the finest specimen of Easter wear we had on exhibition—in fact I selected it myself in Paris—and I did not dare trust so valuable an article to the ordinary messenger.
MR. E. Z.—Pardon me for insisting on your opening the parcel, but I cannot take any risks in such matters. It seems to be all right, and here are your \$300.

3. MR. E. Z.—You want \$300 for that parcel from Frill's, when I have already received Mrs. Mark's hat, and paid the manager himself! You'd better be careful if you are trying to work any bunco game on ME, young man! Get out now, before I call the police!

4. MRS. MARK—What on earth do you mean. Mr. Mark, by treating my new hat in this outrageous manner! What! You have already paid a man \$300 for that impossible creation which anybody with a thimbleful of brains could see never cost over \$2! E. Z., you've been done AGAIN!

Now, What D'ye Think of That?

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The thing I didn't like tip top
About Lucinda Hopper

Was that when she began to drop
Her parents couldn't stop her.

I took her to a Music "Shop"
When she was seventeen.

Said she, appreciatively,
"This is a striking scene."